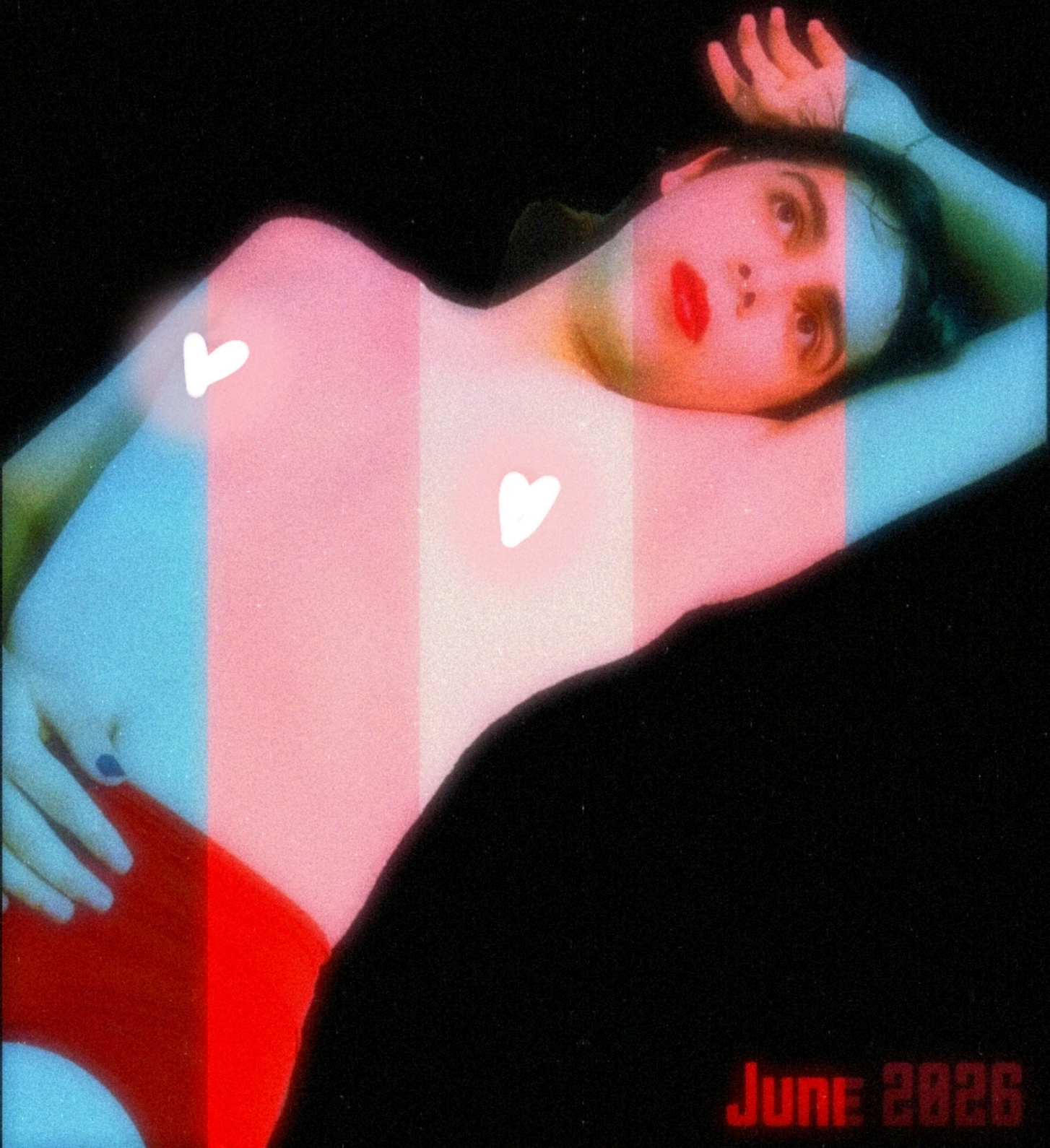
BloodPulp

Goodbye is Death



June 2026

BloodPulp
Goodbye is Death

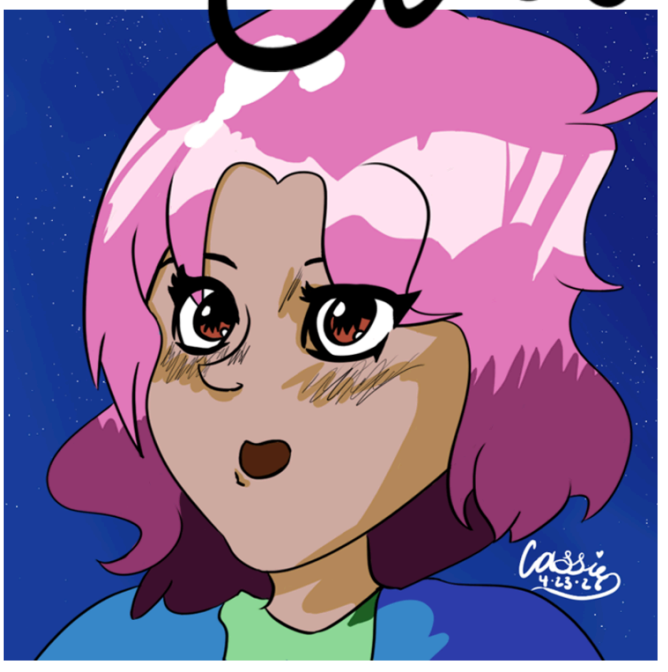
EDITORIAL

This Pride Zine is dedicated to every single trans and other LGBTQIA+ person who's been taken too quickly. The month of June does not negate the reality of my trans siblings being taken soley for who they are.

This is the most well-cared-for zine I've ever made. My experience as a queer person is not a single feeling. Beyond the fear and gender dysphoria, life inside this body is beautiful and glorious and so full of life! I hope this zine may encapsulate all that I am accurately. I contain multitudes.

Poetry, Writing, Art. This is all I know in order to process the love and grief and hope that courses through me. I hope you may join me with your own.

What will your verse be? Cassie



"My name means nothing to them, my interests do"

–If It Bleeds, Stephen King

“You are the good part of everything, sweetie. We can’t control what people do - how they betray us or even why. How they leave our lives. So many people are running scared. And sometimes they run back to us and earn back our trust. But the ones who don’t come back - or who don’t work to earn back what they lost from us - we have to let them go.”

–Girls Like Girls, Hayley Kiyoko

“You considered violence and you considered reconciliation. But what you are left with is a premonition of the way your life will fade behind you, like a book you have read too quickly, leaving a dwindling trail of images and emotions until all you can remember is a name.”

–Bright Lights, Big City, Jay McInerney

Nine Trans People Have Been Killed Since April 2026

April 5: Davonta Curtis
April 17: Alenna Belcher
April 28: Lanessa Rodriguez
May 7: Hailey "Spotsie" King
May 13: Juniper Blessing
May 17: Eryka Caldwell
May 24: Murray Foust
May 25: Unidentified

Many Others Go Unreported, Unnamed and Forgotten.

They will not be able to celebrate their Pride...

Remember Them.

Professional G.R.L

If I don't write this down,
I think I might do something drastic.
I talk at Tyler while he checks his cards—
they're Pokémon, I think, a water deck.

I say:

I torch-welded these heels to stay.

These bright, pastel faces fade in the daylight.

I wear their hold as bracelets because they love me,

but as long as this dress on my waist fits.

My taste is cheap, or so they tell me.

My friends carry me along by my fingers,

doing that thing where they tremble,

and now, they are fists, and I am trapped.

The tall girl chokes and corners me,

her fingers climb my chest until she finds

just what she needed, and it's still early,

so the drinks don't move how I think they should.

I am still here with them, so they continue,

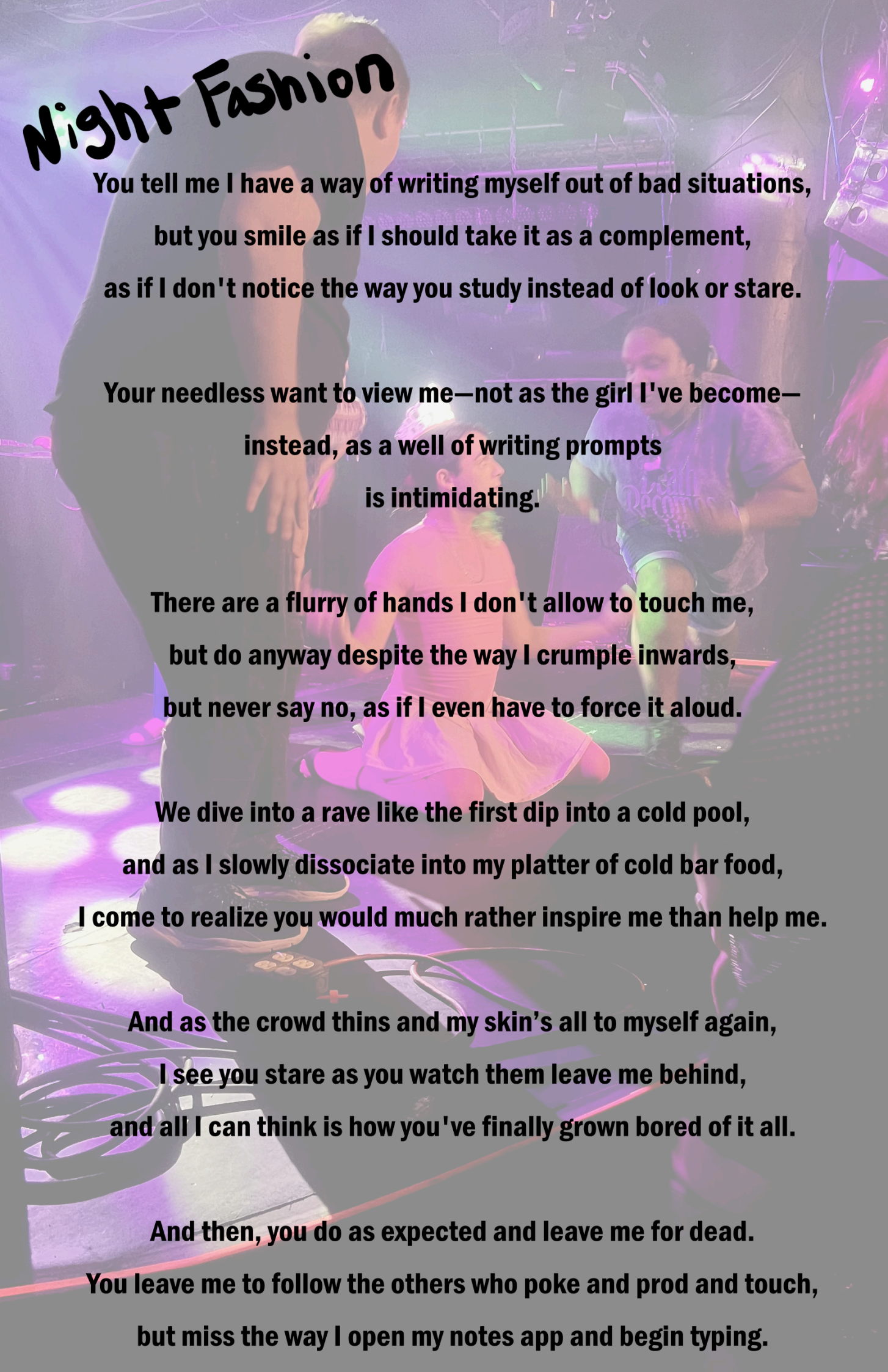
complementing their prize like tattoos.

Finally, stealing pictures down there to prove it,

I think my words don't mean what I think they do—to them.

My friends melt from my body in the sun,
I am all alone and I am myself again.
Tyler sets his cards down and stares.
"I have no idea what we're talking about".

Pride
is Not A
Parade
it is A Series of
grieving & beatings
and
DEATH
They will sell your
own
Genocide
BACK
TO
YOU
ARM
YOURSELF



Night Fashion

You tell me I have a way of writing myself out of bad situations,
but you smile as if I should take it as a complement,
as if I don't notice the way you study instead of look or stare.

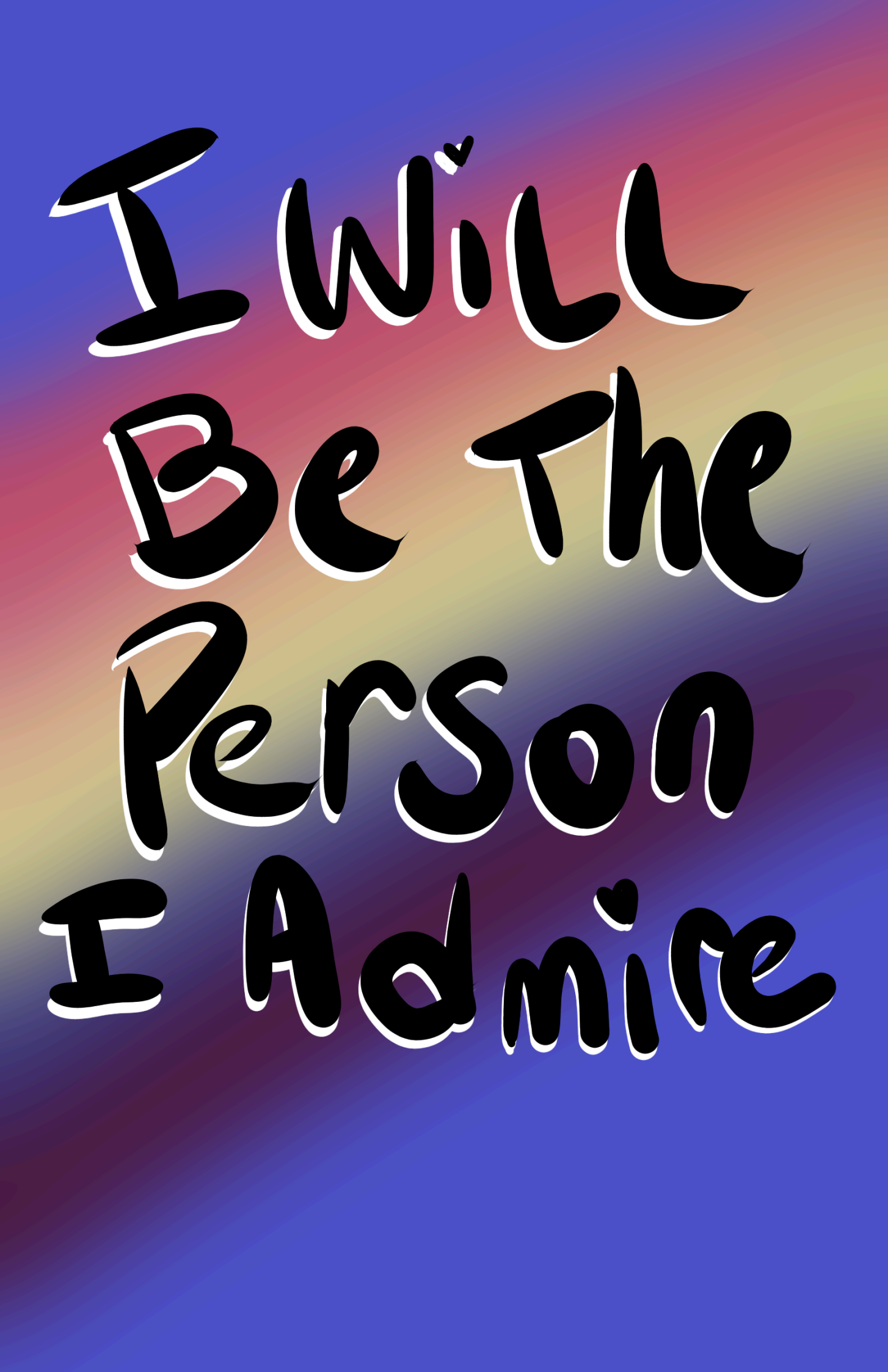
Your needless want to view me—not as the girl I've become—
instead, as a well of writing prompts
is intimidating.

There are a flurry of hands I don't allow to touch me,
but do anyway despite the way I crumple inwards,
but never say no, as if I even have to force it aloud.

We dive into a rave like the first dip into a cold pool,
and as I slowly dissociate into my platter of cold bar food,
I come to realize you would much rather inspire me than help me.

And as the crowd thins and my skin's all to myself again,
I see you stare as you watch them leave me behind,
and all I can think is how you've finally grown bored of it all.

And then, you do as expected and leave me for dead.
You leave me to follow the others who poke and prod and touch,
but miss the way I open my notes app and begin typing.


I will
Be the
Person
I Admire

What would goodbye mean if I never loved you?
I could palm myself together like water
And cup the ways I know I'm different

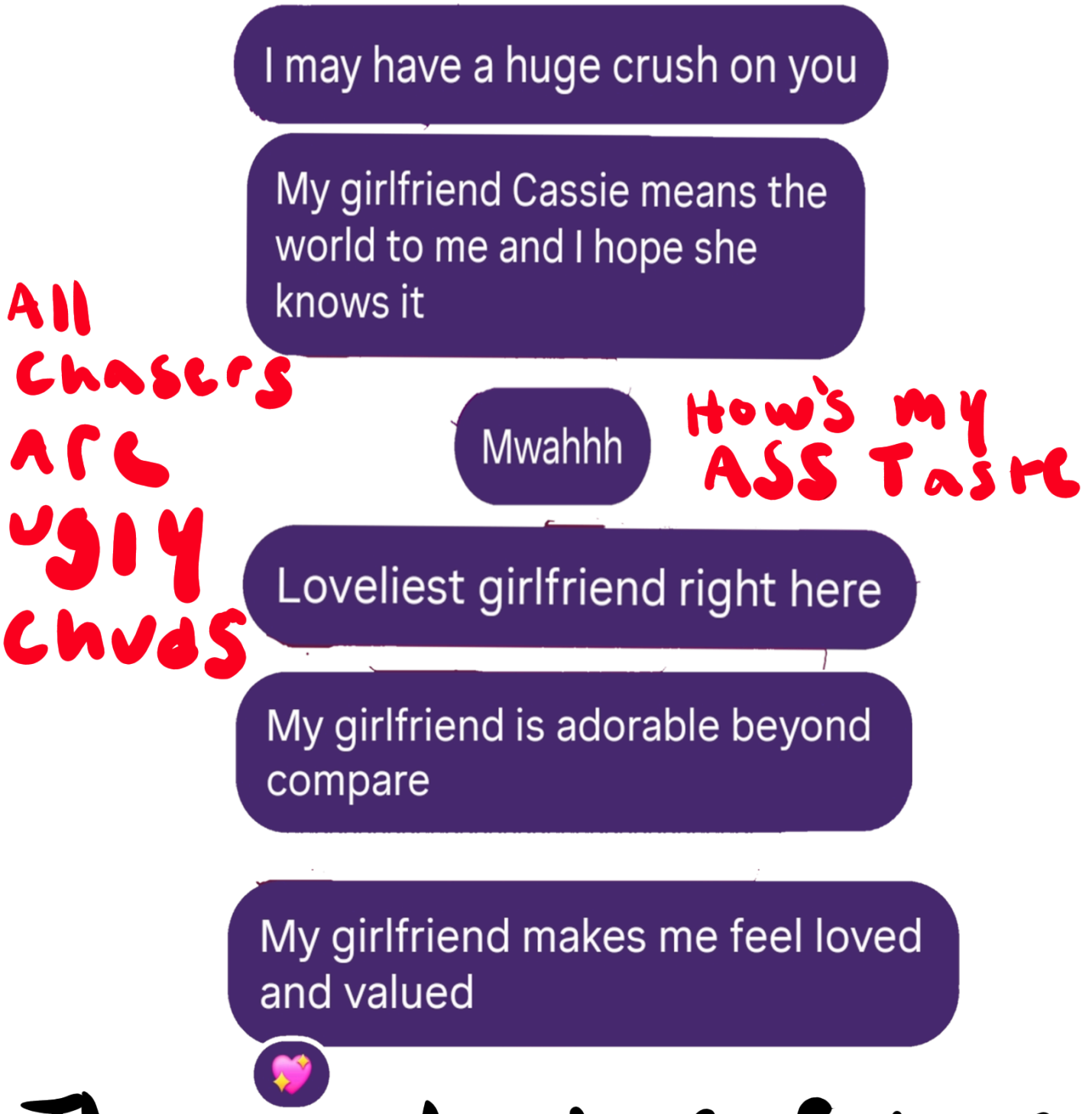
And hate it anyway.

I could touch every ounce of my skin
and still, could find nothing worth pleasing.
I am something you will grieve for loving.

Whatever's left of that part of me I know I hate,
Exists until my knees are bruised from dancing
and my throat aches from something else.

The face that loved me will fade as I leave that place again
and become the original thing I'd love to strangle.
I only grieve for the parts of me that could kill me.

DL's you just met will Tell you Anything ...


I may have a huge crush on you
My girlfriend Cassie means the world to me and I hope she knows it
All chasers are ugly chuds
Mwahhh
How's my ASS Taste
Loveliest girlfriend right here
My girlfriend is adorable beyond compare
My girlfriend makes me feel loved and valued
💞

The next chaser you meet, Sneak boba up Their ass, confuse their girlfriends ...

Widow

I never grieve for the same boy twice.

Once our lives go back to normal,

Never do I ask you what happened.

I think to myself, I knew it was temporary,

Of course—

Everything in my life is temporary.

Thoughts of him fester inside me,

A perfect storm of torn sheets and missing dresses,

Until he greets me into that same hell again

with a simple "hey beautiful".

You hold me like you did before and I am washed away.

I will never grieve you twice.

MUTANT AND PROUD
I LOVE YOU.

ai girl therapy

Proofreading poems I wrote with you

like old texts asking, was I sober?

My fingers dial for Tyler's cell,

I think she's overwhelmed

I watch him proofread my cry for help

adjusted as a poem of love and sunsets,

an Oreo-flavored hell in a booth for two,

but it sounds right and you tell me,

"it's bad, but God gave us clothes for a reason"

and in one moment, I know it's over

and my fingers lose their tremble

as Tyler and I finish off the Oreos.

They are stale and taste like nothing at all.

When it falls
APART
You Feel
at Fault
Some-
How

Sips.

Cherry Cherry Cola in your rum drink,
Taking tiny sips trying not to think about it.

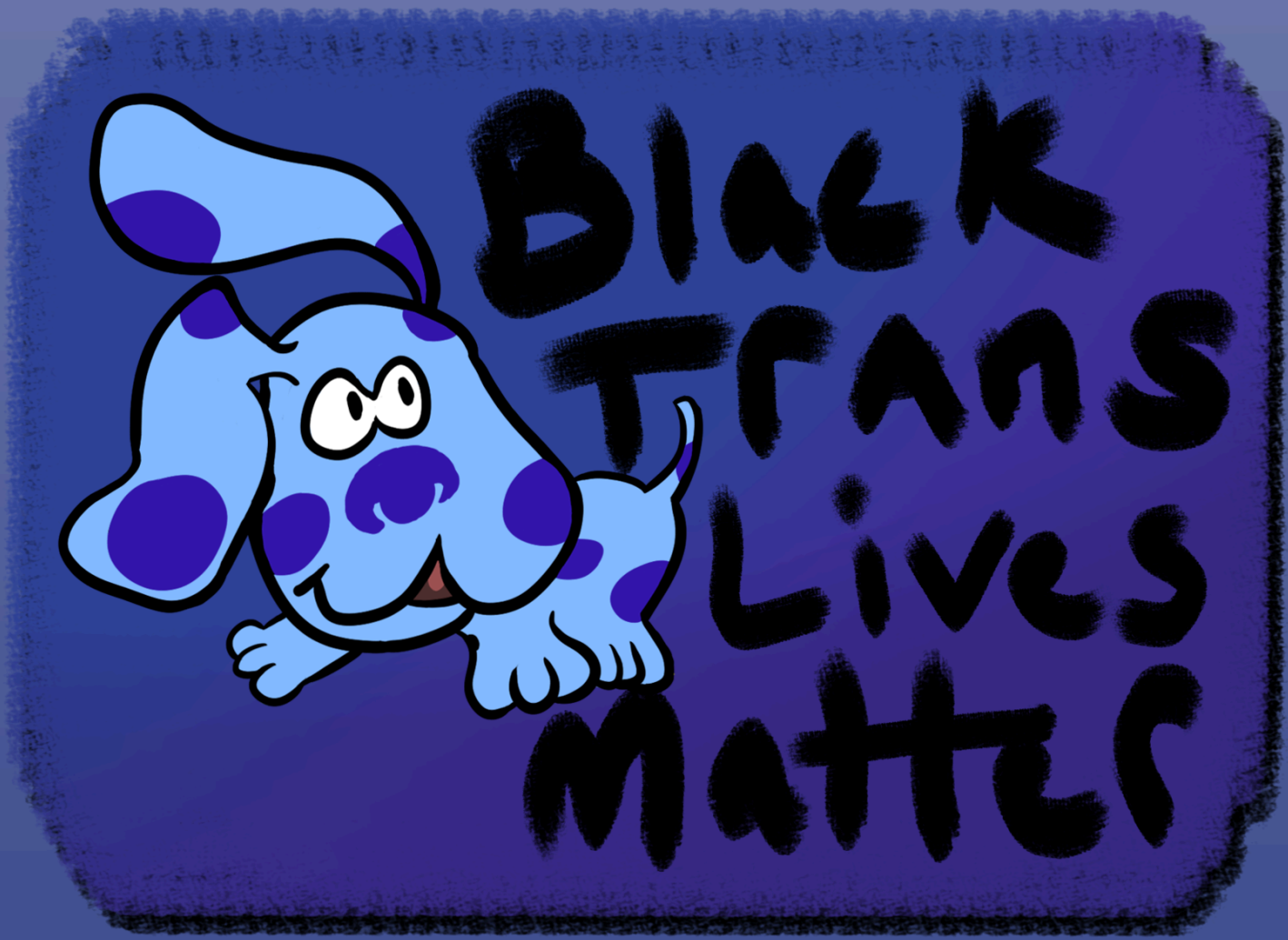
I'd guess your awful ending right this second,
But I don't think I can take it if you told me.

I don't wanna think about it!
I don't wanna think about it!

No, Cassie, I can't—why don't you go home?
Don't tell me how it ends because I don't wanna know.

Frozen chocolate ice-cream by your TV,
Reruns eat your brain, avoiding thoughts of me.

I wish I had believed you when I found out,
I'm glad I walked into your room when you hit the ground.


Black Trans Lives Matter

What's Left.

Everyone at home cheered,
for the woman's son was dead.
Their time together was a corpse
wrapped carefully in Rocawear shirts and Tech Decks,

Everyone at home stared,
awaiting the woman's star to explode
in the customary way a mother grieves
their baby who could've made it,
but died anyway before she knew how to hold him.
The woman gave them nothing,
and she fell back into the background.

Everyone at home left her,
as she lay in a puddle of what was,
the house floods of memories—of her boy alone,
dancing away in a kitchen unlived in.

The mother screamed,
as she considered his beginning
a vision that means nothing at all.
And then, she held him.

The woman picked up what was left
of her son in an Easter basket
while she drifted her head
into the baby boy's remains
until all that he was, spilled out into the street,
what's left is tattered sweaters and dresses,
some heals, only worn once.

The mother walked with the basket
and threw what's left of her son into the river.
"Congratulations," she said,
"Now, you don't belong anywhere."

BloodPulp's 2026 Pride Obsessions

1. Girls Like Girls by Hayley Kiyoko

I am weeks away from the film adaptation of what was originally a song that an uncracked-egg era Cassie listened far too much. The film version of the song feels like a full circle moment for me. I've cried many times already.

2. Hair by Lady Gaga

On such an iconic queer album in the vastly eclectic discography of queer anthems, Hair is—for some reason—the song I come back to most often. Coming from a trans woman, there's something vibrantly euphoric about Hair. It demands me to be myself.

3. Claw Machine by Sloppy Jane & Phoebe Bridgers

Two years later, I have YET to get over I Saw The TV Glow. This film caught me at a time when I knew I was Trans, but before I came out. Sloppy Jane and Phoebe Bridgers performing Claw Machine in the film right at the point where it changed my life is very emotional for me. Claw Machine reminds me why I am unabashedly myself.

4. Void by Lil Nas X

Ever since Montero released, I've always been obsessed with Lil Nas's ability to create a song so visceral in queer melodrama. Montero is plenty in those moments: Lost in The Citadel, Sun Goes Down, Am I Dreaming... Void excels at that so beautifully. It's aetherial.

5. For The Gaze by Megan Hilty

Death Becomes Her is a new obsession of mine. Theater has this eclectic ability to either make you cry, or... CAMP! Death Becomes Her is absolute camp concentrated, and For The Gaze's very obvious gay camp never ceases to make me laugh.

6. Rainbow by Dodie

Dodie exists in this small pocket of my teenage childhood that takes long walks to read on the steps of the art museum. The girl who copes with ice cream floats and who yearns far too much for her own good, and the song Rainbow exists for that teenage girl who continuously felt different from her friends, and who happy-cried at the museum steps when realizing what it meant for her.

7. Somewhere That's Green by Ellen Greene

Whenever one of those Broadway Rave nights comes back to Philly, I demand Somewhere That's Green. Audrey pleads with the universe for the life she knows she wants but never had. So you drunk cry while listening to it, because you know exactly how she feels, but know how the play ends.

8. Sheridan Square by Howard Ashman

Making this playlist made me realize just how important Howard Ashman is to me. While something like Somewhere That's Green is expressive in its camp, Sheridan Square is quiet in Howard's melancholic reverie. To write a song of nostalgic prose, describing the death of your friends from the Aids crisis, and the change in Greenwich Village in New York. Ow...

FINAL NOTES

I often struggle with my need to be seen as I am, for how I feel. I instead often fear that even my close friends do not see me as the woman I've become, but a homogenized, distorted kaleidoscope version of myself. When you're trans, it's often people will make personal guesses instead of ever caring to see you as human. I grieve knowing I will never be seen as a fellow human, but as a thing to be talked about, to be objectified and taken advantage of. I often feel my body does not belong to me. If you feel the same as I do, I'd love to see you grow a social circle more deserving of you. You are a gift, my child.

Cassie

BloodPulP #2
Zine by Cassie Green
"Goodbye is Death"

They will Sell
Your Own
GENOCIDE
Back to You.

JULY 2026
@ Green Variant Classic